# THE UNDERGRADUATE.

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## THE UNDERGRADUATE.

*PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING COLLEGE YEAR.*

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## EDITORS' TABLE.

WITH this number the present editorial board ends its labors, and is to make room for a new board, made up almost entirely of new editors. The work in connection with the paper during the last year has at sometimes been pleasant, sometimes otherwise, but beneficial, we are sure. Various things have affected the success of the UNDERGADUATE for 1895–96. Some have been quite evident in the irregular issues and the scarcity of matter in some of the numbers. We think the college paper will be better supported by the students next year, and we trust that the new board will make the UNDERGRADUATE a much brighter paper than it has been the year past.

NO one who attended the concert of the college Glee Club will doubt the fact that we have vocal talent in abundance. The young ladies, especially, are to be complimented on their splendid showing. But just in connection with this arises the question: Why is not this talent shown in the singing at chapel? There is often much hesitation before any one will summon up courage enough to lead in the singing in the choir. Sometimes there is no choir at all. Surely there must be some way taken of remedying this evil. The singing should be hearty, but unless there are some to lead it usually falls flat and weak.

Why do not the Glee Clubs delegate a number of their members to act as a choir, if need be, in relays? This would save much running about and whisperings across the room in order to secure a choir. Besides it would surely improve the singing, and a hearty, cheery song in the morning would do much toward brightening the whole day.

IN all the larger colleges and universities of today, and in most of the smaller ones, there are regular college debating societies where those students, who wish, may display their talent in the debating line. At Harvard, whose representatives have nearly always been victorious in the Harvard-Yale debates, each class has its own society, whose members are chosen by competition, as more candidates for membership present themselves than could well be admitted. Consequently it is considered quite an honor to be able to speak well enough to get into one of them.

Such a society affords the student an opportunity for practice in impromptu and public speaking which he does not get anywhere else. If well conducted it will also help one to gain a greater or less knowledge of parliamentary law Why could we not have a debating society in Middlebury? Surely we have enough talent for one, if not in each class at least in the whole college. Such an institution would benefit all its members, and, if interest in it could be aroused, would be one in which every student should feel it an honor to take part.

BEFORE another issue of the UNDERGRADUATE the winter term of the college will have closed and the Junior exhibition (March 24) will be a thing of the past. The term has been a busy one for every one, and time has gone, no one knows where. The examinations begin March 17 and continue until March 24. On that evening the Junior class gives the annual Junior exhibition at the town hall, which is to be followed by the Junior Ex. dance.

So far this year the students have had all the college work they could do and do well, and all feel especially hard-worked this winter. Every one seems to be writing orations upon orations, and only the Freshmen can sit in their seats and applaud vociferously (?) and know that their turn has not yet come. But the winter study has been pleasant to all and we hope fruitful to all. No doubt that with the "rest" which vacation affords, every one will come back and accomplish at least a third more than he has this term.

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THE college Y. M. C. A. were fortunate to have with them, even for a few days, the Mr. Seyfort spoken of in another column. The talks he gave were very helpful, and we are sure were appreciated by the majority of the students. He is engaged in a great and noble work, and the colleges where he visits must be much benefited by him.

The meetings were better attended than other religious movement has been by the students, and all felt the sincerity and truth with which he addressed them. May Middlebury often be visited by such men.

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# LITERARY.

## REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

*Dear Undergraduate:*—I was much pleased and interested in reading recently in the columns of a distinguished paper that beautiful poem, "After many days," by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr of Rutland, Vt. It caused me "to go down deep in my memory," as Alice Cary says, and wonder if more than fifty flying years have passed since Julia C. Ripley and I were fellow-students in "Troy Conference Academy" in the blissful days of youth. I am thinking tonight whether my life is a dream or no; and whether I shall not awake again and go forth into the blessed sunlight of youthful years and happiness. Some one has said that we sometimes meet with persons so much like ourselves that we seem to hear with their ears, to see with their eyes, and a sentiment of mutual respect and admiration pure as the light of the early morn and full of gentle fondness comes and goes with every look, word and gesture. Life's journey *is*, indeed, o'er hills and vales. At times the hills seem to be mountains, and it is *so hard* to climb to the top; but when the soul is young and brave, mountains are only hills. As the years go by we may find the descent more difficult than the ascent. The resting places are apt to be few and far apart, but we travel on, neither knowing nor desiring to know when or how the journey will end. "One step enough for me." Mrs. Dorr was a schoolmate of mine at "Troy Conference Academy" between 1840–44. She was the daughter of William Y. Ripley, a wealthy marble dealer of Rutland, and brilliant talents as a writer of prose and poetry were developed at an early age. We were often in the same classes, drinking at the same "Pierian Spring," and getting ready for the great battle of life so soon to begin. Her essays at the academy were models of elegant style and beautiful diction, showing, even in a young school girl, positive elements of future literary eminence. Sweetness of expression, depth of sentiment, bright and impressive utterance in a *marked* degree, are characteristics of her productions, lifting the mind to a higher plane of thought and holding it there to the end. My scrap book contains several of her choice gems and they are highly prized.

I entered Middlebury college in 1844, and during my four years' course knew several scholars, divines and lawyers who resided in Middlebury or Burlington and other surrounding towns, and who visited M. during court sessions and commencement seasons. Dr. Benjamin Labaree, with an able faculty, was president, and he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. His generous soul was full of Christian sympathy for young men fighting against adverse surroundings to reach the goal of their ambition, a college education. Many a word of cheering confidence did he speak to such, and I have known few men who were as worthy of my esteem and love as President Labaree. Ezra is a brainy name, and if the students of Middlebury college have as faithful a president today,—and I am *sure* they have,—they ought to love him and hold up his hands as Aaron and Hur did the hands of Moses, remembering it is only the good qualities of a man's heart which secure our highest respect and show the dignity of real manhood.

Fifty years ago there were many bright lights in law

and politics in Addison and Chittenden counties. One of these, though a young man then, who has since become noted as a lawyer, diplomat and lecturer on jurisprudence, was the Hon. E. J. Phelps, ex-minister to the court of St. James. He was the son of Judge Samuel Phelps of Middlebury, then U. S. Senator. Edward Phelps graduated three or four years before my matriculation, and he was just beginning to build up a splendid repatation as a shrewd and successful champion of the "*lex scripta et lex non scripta.*" After my return from Georgia in the early sixties and while the civil war was in full blast, he was the principal lawyer employed by some of the heirs in contesting the will of Stukely Thornton of Castleton. The Hon. Daniel Roberts of Burlington, who is still practicing his profession, though considerably over 80 years of age, was the leading counsel of the executor and proponent of said will. Both were intellectual giants in legal lore and the efforts of each, "pro and con," were considered among the ablest ever made at the Rutland county bar.

Now, dear editors of the UNDERGRADUATE, if I have been too prosy, too prolix or too presuming in speaking of a few of the noble sons and daughters born to the manor of good old Vermont and Middlebury college, remember, "*Then* and *there* is the spot I was born in," 'mong the hills and the vallies of the Green Mountain State.

Some of the class of 1848 have weathered storms of adversity, and fought against the "cruel irony of fate," but can still sing with the poet,

"Lead kindly Light, Lead thou me on!"

R. E. MARANVILLE.

Milford, Del., Feb., 1896.

## WHERE IS THE IDEAL?

Most ideals still await a realization. A few have been already reached, so far as an ideal may be reached by human skill and intelligence. When Phidias and Praxiteles finished their work, the summit of the sculptor's art had been attained. The immortal epic of Homer has inspired two of the world's greatest poets, and the masterpieces of Demosthenes still live unsurpassed. In fact the Greeks as a people could probably boast of an average culture which has been equalled by no nation of later times.

It becomes natural, then, for men to look back to the achievements of their fathers as the standards whereby to guide and regulate their own progress. This was the tendency to which Cæsar appealed on the eve of battle, when he stirred the hearts of his soldiers with tales of ancestral valor. This accounts for the influence which the example of men like Washington and Lincoln has exerted on the lives of American youth.

And yet, as a rule, despite the excellences and attainments of our forefathers we can scarcely refrain from the thought that here, too, distance may lend enchantment to the view. In general two marked ways regarding the past may be distinguished. Individual experience and national history both reveal the fact that every generation produces men of a pessimistic turn; who cease not to lament the degeneracy of the present age and sigh for a return to old methods and ideas. Certain extremists have even tried to maintain that in literature or painting the sole road to perfection is found through imitation of the masterpieces. These conservatives view with horror any attempts to open up original fields of artistic effort. Or, ifeducation be the bone of contention, we are greeted with the cry of the old-school gentleman who is deprecating the new-fangled notions of the modern teacher, while he mourns at the death of the systems which were in vogue when he was a boy. But, alas! his grief must be our joy. Who today would not shudder at the thought of returning to the inflexible routine of our grandfathers? Is it not apparent that under present conditions a young man may reach college not only in less time and with less mental effort, but with infinitely better equipments than was the case fifty years ago? The old school indeed has many virtues, but it surely has no place for the growing student.

There is, however, a second school which views the past with more enlightened mind. Its adherents stand ready to profit by the experience of the great and wise men who have gone before them, to select and assimilate all that is excellent in their work. But to follow blindly and servilely in the footsteps even of the masters is to them a sin unpardonable; for this at the best is but to copy the bad together with the good, and at the same time to deaden all spontaneity and originality. Progress accompanies the tenets of this school, stagnation is the attendant of the other. The new materials which time is constantly throwing before us demand new forces, new methods. Not in the glory of bygone ages will the poet or painter find his guide, but in the suggestions of never dying nature. The teacher, too, of all men, must leave the beaten paths

and respond to the needs of present conditions. The past, indeed, may boast of its ideals, yet it is for the future to perfect ideals of a new and better type. The star which is already set will no longer reveal our path. Only as we live in the hope of that which is to come do we find light and progress.

A. C. WALES, '96.

## MORNING.

It is a perfect morning in March. All nature is in repose, not a twig is stirring. The silence is only broken by the twitter of the sparrows, who, doubtless, are discussing the new spring styles. The sky is without a cloud, save here and there one, the tints of which harmonize so perfectly with the delicate blue of the heavens that we are forced to believe they are purely for ornament.

The little village wears a sleepy look, for it is yet early morning. The tramp of feet does not break the Sabbath like stillness. Far up the street people occasionally pass on their way to early church, but they go with subdued air and lingering steps as if sleep still filled their eyes.

Ah! Now there is more hurrying to and fro. The little birds realize that the people are waking, and change their subdued twitter to a nearear approach to song. If they could only pour forth their souls in song they would, I am sure, fill all nature with as perfect spring melodies as their more endowed brothers.

The sun grows higher. The rays have even gathered strength enough to send the frost from our neighbor's roof. The snow, showing the results of too close communion with earth, sends up a mute protest to heaven for protection against the giant sun. But the trees reprove the snow for its selfishness, stretching forth bare branches to show their need of a new dress.

Now the people come and go, distracting thought with a remembrance of duties to perform. Pens must be laid aside, inky fingers transformed and labors assumed.

## THE READING ROOM.

Arguments have been brought forward in greatest profusiou to prove that various places—as an electric car or a lecture—are sure exponents of character. There is one place which has not yet been used in this connection. I refer to the college reading-room.

Suppose you stand with me a little while, and while we are ostensibly buried deep in thought over some passage before us, we will watch the readers.

You will notice one rush in, look around for his favorite paper and immediately be absorbed by its pages. His eye runs up and down the columns, grasping the headings and occasionally resting for a moment on something of special interest. In a few minutes he has read enough and gone out. That man is one-sided. He trusts implicitly to one paper and scarcely if ever looks at another.

But here is a wiser one. Getting the chief facts from one paper, he compares them with the statements of the others and so gets a broad idea of the truth and of current events. This is my ideal of a reading-room devotee.

These two classes represent the best methods of using the daily papers.

There are others who simply read sensational items and pay little, if any, attention to the events which are shaping history. Then there are still others who read nothing but the comic papers. They revel in jokes and witticisms. Their chief object in doing it seems to be to find some joke hidden away in a dark corner which perchance they can spring on some less scrutinizing reader as the product of their own imagination.

It would be tedious to speak of all the different phases of character which we notice every day in the reading-room, but sometime, when you are at leisure, if you will devote a short time to this study, you will, I think, agree with me that for the study of character and human nature the college reading room surpasses the theater, lecture or electric car.

## SOPHOMORE DREAMINGS.

Extract from the journal of Sir Henry Globe-Trotter, 1923.

It was with a strange feeling that I approached the place where once the far-famed North Pole stood. Base indeed was the wretch and terrible should be the punishment meted out to him who stole it and made his fortune by exhibiting it in the great cities of Vermont and Europe. To find that pole, hundreds had risked their lives and its fortunate discoverer had at once organized a stock company to build a palatial hotel in its vicinity. Scarcely had it been completed and the line of air ships were in full running order between it and all points south, when that scoundrel defrauded the hotel keeper of all his

righteous profits by carrying it off like a thief in the light of the Aurora Borealis.

That villain had no more sense of justice than the resident of Hoboken who recently stole his neighbor's motocycle, then sent back for the printed directions which went with every machine.

Now only occasionally does a stranger visit that lonely place. The ruined hotel with its air-ship depot and its cathode-shadowgraph gallery are all that is left worth visiting. A sense of utter loneliness came over me, so I mounted my air-ship and sailed away back to America.

One day I stood in the college tower. The sun was just bidding good-night to the mountains and its last rosy glance lingered on their summits. As I stood there, there came strange voices from the walls, voices soft and low, but my ear was quickened and heard of days gone by.

The tower told of those who had stood just as I was standing to watch the setting sun, and their lives were gone down behind the eternal mountains. Some had sunk to rest in other lands whither duty had called them; some in the smoke of the battle in answer to their coun ry's call, and death had met others in the quiet of the daily routine of joy and care.

Then the voices changed. Happy were the tones that told of lives nobly spent, fame and honor won by those who had stood in its shadow. I heard of trial and struggle, of hardship and toil, but through it all they had come with the courage born of our dear college.

Then again I heard of the future. Prophetic and mysterious words told of what lay before us. We, too, were to fight the same battles, endure the same hardships, but win the same glory.

The sunlight had left the hills and dark shadows fell around me as I slowly went down the stairs full of new thought and a new love for our college.

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One not well versed would naturally suppose that steam heat would be far superior to that obtained from a stove. To be sure, the quality of the heat is just as effective, but taken with a moral turn, we will all agree that the stove is far superior.

In the first place, it develops a wonderful memory. To forget to put fresh coal on the stove before going out for several hours will necessitate some rather lively work in the cold, chopping wood and inducing the gentle fire to resume its work. So, naturally, one is very careful to remember that little fact and an increase in mental capacity is the result.

Then it will produce better recitations. To the uninitiated this statement will be at first rather blind, but a little thought will soon set you at rights. One has to get up early in the morning to attend to the treacherous fire, and as it wou'd be rather an unwise plan to go back to bed again, the student will naturally devote the rest of the time before breakfast to polishing up his lessons. So you can readily see that in a purely intellectual way, a stove manifests its superiority.

Now we come to the moral and perhaps most important side of the discussion. Only one who has seen fire after fire flicker and spit and die away can realize what a wonderful opportunity there is here of developing patience like unto that of Job. There is no need of strong words or violent expressions of wrath, for the shivering mortal cannot spare the time from his task to devote to such a course. All his efforts must be directed to the successful building of a fire in a room which would make an Arctic explorer feel at home, and so in patient resignation he toils on while he can plainly feel his bump of patience growing.

These are but a few of the advantages which the stove possesses over the more modern but really inferior steam heat. Others might readily be adduced, but these few remarks that I have made will be easily understood by those who have the honor—I say it purposely—to own and manipulate a stove.

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## THE FLIGHT OF A MOUSE.

It was during a reception. People were standing about in stiff little groups waiting impatiently for the moment when their hostess would be free to receive their farewells. A few youths and maidens were scattered here and there, the gentlemen occasionally peering over the tops of their collars just in time to catch a glimpse of a young lady before she was entirely submerged in the depths of sleeves and ruffles. Each one was endeavoring to appear to advantage and at the same time to keep his costume fresh and patent leathers unmarred by passing foot-steps.

At such a time as this did the Fates choose to send their messenger—the mouse.

This little grey mouse made his appearance in a remote corner of the room and would have gone quietly away had not one maiden shook her skirts at him. Distracted by such a reception, he darted, he knew not whither, and found himself ensconced, the center

of attraction, under a low seat. Peering out he looked upon a funny sight. The stiffness of the assembly had vanished. The ladies had elevated themselves in fearful and wonderful ways. Some, who had never even been introduced, were engaged in lively conversation. Handkerch efs were being frantically waved, as if to blow the mouse from his position. The gentlemen were armed with the thing nearest. Books, vases, a music roll, eye-glasses and rose jars were among the weapons. The beady little black eye of mousie twinkled, for he was just beginning to see the joke. Watching his opportunity, he slips suddenly across under the piano. So quickly was it done that no one could do anything, except to clear the path for their foe and to scream. The gentlemen pushed gallantly to the front, the ladies held their breath. Another scream, accompanied by violent gestures. Mouse has crossed the room diagonally and settled in a corner. His little fat sides fairly shook with laughter. Ah! but nothing could be easier now. What a foolish mouse to choose such an unprotected spot! Again there was a movement of the rear to the front. Again a breathless silence as a score or more gentlemen lined up about the corner destined to be the scene of such a conflict. A feeling of pity even seized the gentle sex. "Such a very little mouse, and so many against it. How heavy those books will be upon it," but it must be.

The gentlemen rose above their collars with a now-see-me-do-it air, and all raising their weapons took steady aim. One, two, three! Books, vases, music roll, vase jars and eye-glasses fell in a confused heap in the fated corner. Poor mouse! Faint sighs were heard mingled with the cries of exultation. All lifted sympathetic cries to see the poor little, mangled body, and behold —— Sir Mouse, unharmed, crossing to the door. He could hardly move for laughter. At the door he turned, and, with a final merry glance, taking in the elevation of the ladies, and the gentlemen swiftly subsiding behind their collars—he was gone.

## THE COLLEGE MAN IN WAR.

Although thousands have been discussing with lively interest the possibility of a war with England, arguing and commenting on Cleveland's message, some even bloodthirsty, the fire of the last war was still kindling the zeal of our country's patriots; although very many are expressing different opinions, there are comparatively few who have stopped to consider what would be the result in different branches of the educational world.

Many, it must be granted, have thought of the damage that would accrue to commerce and international relations, but few have considered the ravage it would make in the college world.

First, a complete overthrow of the colleges would ensue; education would be at a stand-still, and those systems of instruction which have taken hold so effectively in our colleges would receive a blow from which it would take years to recover. Most of our colleges would form a source from which some, if not many, of the best soldiers could be obtained; going willingly to the front to pour their life-blood in the exigencies of their country's needs.

One might ask, Why send college men to the front? One very simple and self evident answer would be, because they are wanted. But this is not the point which I wish to show.

Can the bloodshed and atrocities of a former war, pictured to young America in all its phases of crime and barbarity, keep that element of manhood which exists in our colleges today from enlisting and dying in the ranks for the upholding of the honor of their country? Can, moreover, educated men refrain from taking part in a war which directly concerns them? Can the student of history be mute to the doings of a nation from whose hands his fathers received death? No! education has done more for them; they will be only too willing to do their part, small as it may be, but, nevertheless, trusting in the old adage, "In unity is strength."

Then we asked, Is a war probable? Now we have the two sides of the question before us. The interests of both nations are involved. England has millions of dollars worth of property vested in the United States which at an issue would be confiscated. Her principal interests, both in the commercial and financial worlds, are with the United States. Would she dare sever all these sources of advantages and wealth and undertake a war which might end disastrously to her?

She has the largest navy of any power of the world: her army is large, well-trained and disciplined; these two combined would surely make a powerful ally.

Look, on the other hand, at the United States. Her navy is comparatively small, but the material therein contained is by no means inferior to that of England's; her army is a fraction of England's, but this does not prove that victory will be one-sided. At a single call

today, thousands could be put into the field fully armed, equipped and prepared to meet the best of armies, having behind them that "old-time" grit which characterized their forefathers; and when England or any other nation will undertake to oppose such an obstacle her "*mighty*" bulwarks will need strengthening.

Her large armies and navies might be a total destruction to our cities and seaport towns, where practically, I say "practically," she may have it her own way, but when she lands those forces, "Britannia may no longer rule the wave". She would then have struck the death-blow to her own independence and severed all claim to her pristine glory and military as well as naval achievements.

T. PRENTIS.

## A MARCH DAY AT THE LIBRARY.

Everywhere around us lie the most beautiful and the most sublime in art, in literature and in nature. Yet we pass by, unheeded, the copies from the masters on the library walls, the best productions of the world's greatest thinkers on its shelves and the delicate colorings and tracings of the finger of God as seen from its windows.

Where I am now sitting, I face the Gate of Paradise as represented by Ghiberti; at my side is a portion of the Frieze of the Parthenon, and outside the window is such a representation of the scene that involuntarily there comes to my lips the words of Lowell:

"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl."

No hand but nature's could fashion such intense whiteness as lies everywhere about. From the ashen sky to the snow clad ground no color is visible save where the tree trunks measure their height against the sky, refusing to veil their massiveness beneath a snowy covering.

It is on such a day as this that one wishes to listen indoors to the low murmur of the gentle wind and talk with one of nature's intimate friends, one who is personally acquainted with her woods, like Thoreau or John Burroughs. And at such a time we feel the pulse of spring beginning to throb through nature outside, and we say with the poet,

Ah March! we know thou art kind hearted,
Spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing violets."

I sometimes feel that we are too much hurried in college life to appreciate sufficiently the things which are worthy of appreciation. We have to pass by so many things and it is perhaps the things most worthy that are crowded out. We sigh ofttimes with Richard Burton:

"'If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so;
It might be then I should see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,—
If I had the time!"

But we cannot pause long enough really to find out whether or not our thoughts do chime with men's or with God's, and so we rush on too rapidly to keep in harmony, making discord in our souls.

But when nature outside has wrapped herself in a sheet of profound silence and is hushing herself to sleep with the lullaby of the wind, we too feel justified in turning resolutely aside from the whirl of study and letting our minds and our hearts rest with nature and our eyes feast upon her quiet. We may know less of our lesson for the time thus spent; but we have gained in our higher nature something which books cannot teach nor lack of books take away. For to know nature, to gaze at her face to face, to speak with her heart to heart is an education beside which that obtained from books is poor indeed.

M. O. POLLARD.

## THE Y. W. C. A. CONVENTION.

The first Deputation Meeting of the Young Woman's Christian Associations of Vermont met with the Middlebury College Association Feb. 25 and 26. Never before has there been such a meeting in the State, but for some time there has been a constantly increasing feeling of the need of a closer acquaintance and union with the other Associations of Vermont; and so in accordance with the desire the Deputation Meeting was planned.

Miss Simms of Chicago, National College Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and Miss Wing, State secretary for Massachusetts and Rhode Island, were here. Besides these U. V. M. was represented by ten delegates, Vermont Academy by four, Vermont Methodist Seminary by two, Troy Conference Academy by one and Johnson State Normal School by one.

The meetings which assembled in the College build-

ings, either in the chapel or the phrontisterion, began Tuesday evening with the following programme:

TUESDAY EVENING.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 7:15. | Devotional services, | President. |
| 7:30. | Addresses of Welcome. | |
| | For the College, | Pres. Brainerd. |
| | For the Association, | Miss Pollard. |
| | Response, | Burlington. |
| | Appointment of Convention Committee. | |
| 7:45. | Address. | Miss D. Florence Simms. |
| | Chicago Nat. College Sec. of Y. W. C. A. | |
| 8:30. | Reception. | |

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 8:30 to 9:15. | Personal Interviews, | |
| 9:15. | Devotional Exercises, | Miss Converse, Saxton's River. |
| 9:30. | Reports from Associations. | |
| 9:45. | Model Cabinet Meeting. | |
| 11:30. | Student Volunteer Movement, | Miss Eastman, Burlington. |
| 11:45. | Prayer Service for Missions, | Miss Pollard, Middlebury. |

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

| | | |
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| 2:15. | Bible Lesson, | Prof. Sanford, Middlebury. |
| 2:45. | Y. W. C. A. as Intercollegiate Movement, | Miss Parkhurst, Montpelier. |
| 3:00. | Evangel, | Miss Sterns, Saxton's River. |
| | International Work. | Miss Wing. |
| 5:15. | How to make the Association the Power it should be in College Life, | Miss Anderson, Middlebury. |
| 3:30. | The Northfield Conference, | Miss Slade, Burlington. |
| 3:45. | Finance. | |
| 4:00. | State Organization. | |
| 4:30. | Some Sources of our Strength, | Miss Deming, Poultney. |
| 4:45. | Consecration Service, | Miss Brock, Middlebury. |

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

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|---|---|---|
| 7:15. | Devotional Exercises, | Miss Leavens, Burlington. |
| 7:30. | Report of Committee. | |
| 7:45. | Address, | Prof. Wright, Middlebury. |
| 8:30. | Farewell Services, | President. |

To the exercises and reception Tuesday evening, to the Bible class Wednesday afternoon, and to the Wednesday evening session everyone was cordially invited, but the meetings Wednesday morning and the latter part of Wednesday afternoon were for members of the convention and all ladies interested. In the talk Wednesday morning before the Model Cabinet Meeting Miss Simms was particularly interesting, but throughout the entire convention her influence and her talks impressed upon all the need of a true, more consecrated womanhood. As Prof. Wright began his interesting address Wednesday evening, he said he could but reiterate the sentiment of the whole convention, yet he enforced the idea of the usefulness of Christian associations in such a characteristic way that the members felt their responsibility as never before.

While with joined hands the members of the convention formed a circle about the room and sang, "Blest be the Tie," the feeling deepened in every heart that the Depution Meeting had been a grand success, not only because it had brought them into closer sympathy with each other, but also because it had created in them a greater enthusiasm for their future work. An invitation was extended by Vermont Methodist Seminary to have the next State meeting with them, when a report would be given from the committee which was appointed to consider the advisability of having a State organization.

## THE COLLEGE GLEE CLUBS.

The College Glee Clubs are having the most successful season that has been enjoyed for years. We say "clubs", because there are both a gentlemen's and a ladies' club, and each is entitled to much credit. We think Middlebury College is a pioneer in the idea of having glee clubs of both sexes, and it is for their audiences to judge of its success.

The gentlemen's glee club began the season with a concert at Moriah, N. Y., and has since given concerts at Addison and Bridport. All were well received. The ladies' glee club and the gentlemen's glee club gave a joint concert in Middlebury, Feb. 14, 1896. The following programme was rendered:

PART I.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Dear Old Midd., | Both Clubs. |
| 2. | There was an Old Farmer, | Glee Club. |
| 3. | Rock-a-Bye, | Ladies' Glee Club. |
| 4. | Solo—Selected. | Mr. Roscoe. |
| 5. | Quartette—There's a Path by the River, | Misses Waterman, Roseman, Avery, Anderson. |
| 6. | Blow, Bugle, Blow, | Glee Club. |

PART II.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 7. | Trio—Flute, Cornet, Piano, | Messrs. Peck, Hubbard, Williamson. |
| 8. | Solo—Selected, | Mr. Williamson. |
| 9. | Trio—(*a*) Sweet and Low, (*b*) Song of the Autumn Rain, | Misses Waterman, Roseman, Anderson. |
| 10. | Quartette—Stars of the Sumner Night, | Messrs. Howard, Hurlburt, Hubbard, Stone. |
| 11. | Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, | Glee Club. |
| 12. | 'Neath the Elms, | Both Clubs. |

This concert was very well received and a full house listened and applauded vigorously. Everything on the programme was encored and two or three selections were twice encored. The ladies' quartet and trio pleased the audience especially, as did the various solos, and the instrumental music by Messrs. Peck, Hubbard and Williamson.

The gentlemen's club will give several concerts soon in the surrounding towns and if the people where they visit had once heard them, the club would be sure of full houses wherever it goes.

Much credit is due Mr. Williamson, the leader, and also Mr. Lamson, the manager, for the way they have brought the club to its present flourishing condition.

## THE COLLEGE LECTURES.

The second lecture of the course was given by Rev. Mr. Perry of Rutland, Vt., Feb. 11, the subject being "Historic and Picturesque Champlain". The lecture was illustrated by many stereopticon views,

which covered the entire scenery of the lake. Many of the listeners had seen most of this scenery and it was a pleasant experience to have it reproduced, accompanied by much interesting description, historical and modern. Mr. Perry has spent much time on the shores of our beautiful lake and speaks as an eye-witness. He also made most of his pictures himself, and has the advantage of illustrating his remarks by views exactly suited for them. This lecture was one well calculated to stimulate a well deserved pride for the beauties and attractions of New England's most beautiful lake.

The third lecture was given Feb. 15, by Prof. Brainerd Kellogg of Brooklyn, N. Y., a graduate of Middlebury, '58. The subject, "James Russell Lowell", was so well handled and so interesting to all who heard it, that to give any adequate report is impossible. He spoke of Lowell as one of our greatest statesmen, prose writers or poets; a gifted and versatile author, who was thoroughly American in everything he did. Mr. Kellogg illustrated many of his comments on Lowell's style by well rendered quotations. As he always does, Mr. Kellogg interspersed his lecture with many stories, always to bring out some point, and the result was similar to that of last year's lecture—a crowded house and a still stronger feeling of respect and admiration for our talented alumnus.

The next lecture, Feb. 28, was given by Hon. J. W. Stewart, Middlebury, '46. He spoke of "Congressmen and the Ways of Congress." Mr. Stewart was the Vermont representative from this district for eight years and so spoke from the experience of a congress man. His lecture was very interesting and gave many points of the workings of the government which are not much known to the uninitiated. He called it a talk, but if so it was one of the most interesting conversations Middlebury people have had for some time.

The next lecture occurs March 13, and the speaker will be Dr. Boynton of Woodstock, Vt., his subject being "From Marathon to Waterloo."

## OBITUARY.

'21. Jonathan B. Kidder, who was the oldest living graduate of Middlebury, has recently passed to his rest after a long and useful life. We print the following from the Huntingdon (Pa.) *Globe:*

Prof. Jonathan Bacon Kidder, one of the oldest and best known residents of this place, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Gen. F. H. Lanet Tuesday morning, Feb. 4, at 10:20 o'clock, after an illness of ten days, from general debility, consequent upon old age.

Prof. Kidder was born in Wardsborough, Vermont, on the 19th of July, 1804, and at the time of death had attained the remarkable age of 91 years, 6 months and 16 days.

From his early youth he manifested a great desire to acquire knowledge and impart it to others, and all through his long and useful life this seemed to be his great aim. Under private instruction he prepared for college and at the early age of 17 years he graduated from Middlebury college, Vermont, in the class of 1821, and was the last survivor of said class.

While quite a young man he went to New York city, where he engaged in teaching. For many years he and his wife conducted a select school in said city, and in that school many men and women, who afterward became prominent in life, laid the foundation of their learning.

One of his pupils, giving a sketch of his worthy preceptor's life, says: "Some idea of the growth of his country can be realized from the fact that when Prof. Kidder went to New York, Brooklyn was then a little Dutch village, and the people all had to go to Flatbush to do their law business; a wonderful change indeed in one man's lifetime. During Mr. Kidder's life in New York, the city was twice swept with cholera and once with yellow fever and the great fire of 1835 or 1836; at these times thousands dropped all around him, but a kind Providence spared his life for further usefulness."

In the spring of 1855, Prof. Kidder left New York and came to Shirleysburg, this county, where he took charge of a young ladies' seminary and built up a large and successful school, which he taught for many years, and as an indication of the esteem in which he was held by his pupils and patrons, about twenty young ladies followed him from New York to Shirleysburg to finish their education. Professor Kidder continued his school at Shirleysburg until about fifteen years ago, when he came to Huntingdon, where he has since resided.

Notwithstanding his great age, he was still possessed with strong mental and physical powers and held the chair of Ancient Languages in the Normal (now Juniata) College, in this place, and afterward gave private instruction in Greek, Latin, French,

book-keeping and other studies up until a few years of his death. He was versed in seven or eight languages, and his mind seemed to be an inexhaustible storehouse of knowledge, whether history, mathematics, science or religion. For eighty years he was an active Christian worker, having united with a Congregational church in boyhood, but soon afterward united with the Baptist church and was an ordained minister of the Baptist faith. He was the most conscientious person I ever knew. His influence for good has been felt wherever his instruction has been imparted; his memory will be cherished by hundreds, and the impress of his noble character will long endure.

His wife died in this place March 21st, 1887, in the 90th year of her age.

Their three children preceded them to the grave, and they are survived by four grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Funeral services were held in the Baptist church on Thursday, Feb. 6, at 2 p. m., where the pastor and ministers of other denominations spoke feelingly and eulogistically of the beautiful life and character that had mellowed out with the ripeness of years, like a shock of corn fully ripe and was gathered into the garner of the Lord. The body was laid to rest in Riverview cemetery. F. H. LANE.

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'29. John G. Foote, one of Burlington's oldest and most respected citizens, closed his earthly career at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, at his home, 722 North Sixth street, after a short and painless illness. For several days he had been hovering between life and death, but peacefully awaiting the end, which he did not desire to postpone, but looked forward to with patience and resignation. His death was caused chiefly by old age and the gradual wearing out of the frail tenement of clay which holds the immortal soul

Hon. John Graham Foote was numbered among the pioneer settlers of Burlington of 1843. He was born in Middlebury, Vt, on the 21st day of April. 1814. His parents were Justus and Harriet (Graham) Foote of Connecticut, the former born June 24, 1782. the latter March 9, 1789. They were married at Middlebury, Vt., April 15th, 1810. When a young man Justus Foote learned the trade of saddler, which he followed for many years at Middlebury, where he resided until his death, which occurred June 10, 1829 After the death of her husband, Mrs. Foote came to Burlington, Iowa, and died at her son's home April 20, 1865. She was a member of the Congregational church, a sincere Christian, loved and respected by all.

John G. Foote received his education in the academy and college at Middlebury, Vt. In 1835 he left his native State, going to St. Louis, where he was employed as clerk, remaining there until 1843, when he came to Burlington, Iowa, and embarked in the hardware business, successfully pursuing the same for thirty-three years.

Mr. Foote was twice married; first on August 20, 1845, to Miss Elizabeth J., daughter Wm. B. Ewing of Indiana. Mrs. Foote died August 5, 1853, leaving a daughter, Harriet M., who, on December 3, 1869, became the wife of Frank B. Dunham of Burlington. On June 27, 1855, Mr. Foote was married to Miss Mary E., daughter of Stevens Merrill of Plymouth, N. H. They were the parents of one son, now living, Graham Merrill, connected with the Haxton Steam Heating company, of which he is a member.

Mr. Foote has been an active worker in all interests of benefit to Burlington, and has been connected with many of its leading enterprises. He was connected with its first railroad, the Burlington & Missouri River, and was treasurer of that company for a time. He was also a director of the Peoria & Oquawka and the Carthage & Burlington railroads. He was a director of the first telegraph line to Burlington, and was one of the organizers, and afterward one of the directors of the First National Bank. In early life Mr. Foote was a Whig, and at the breaking up of that party joined the Republicans, with whom he had been since affiliated. In 1861 he was nominated by the Republican party for the State senate and elected, serving from 1862 to 1865, inclusive, making a most efficient member. He was appointed and served as one of the commissioners for the construction of the new and beautiful State capitol of Iowa.

John G. Foote was a successful business man, his success being due to patient toil, perseverance and good management, added to quickness of perception and promptness in action. In the life of such a man there is a lesson to be learned.—*Burlington* (Iowa) *Hawk Eye, March 5.*

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[Through some oversight or lack of information concerning the following deceased alumni we think no obituary notices have ever been furnished for the college necrology. Therefore, for the benefit of class-

mates and acquaintances, we publish the two following obituaries.]

'43. Thomas Spencer Scales died of paryalysis at his home in Woburn, Mass., in the sixtieth year of his age. He was one of the oldest and most popular physicians of Woburn and had been connected with the interests of that place for 33 years. He was born in Colchester, Conn , where his father was settled as a Congregationalist minister, with whom he afterwards moved to Plainfield, N. H., where his father died.

Dr. Scales first studied in accordance with what is known as the old school, or allopathic system of medicine, and received a diploma as regular practitioner of that system. Subsequently he studied the homeopathic system, which he practiced up to the date of of his death. In addition to his medical studies, Dr. Scales studied dentistry, which he practiced for a time in Nashua, N. H., from which place he went to Woburn in 1848 and commenced practice there as a homeopathic physician. There he endeared himself to a large circle of friends. Always genial, affable and kind, sympathetic and benevolent, he had the faculty of making himself welcome with all into whose society he was thrown. A wife and two children survive him In the Massachusetts Homeopathic Society, of which Dr. Scales was a member, he held a number of important trusts. He was Treasurer of the Society for 16 years, Vice President in 1875 and President in 1876. The date of Dr. Scales' death is June 15, 1881.

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'44. Thomas Beale Wales was born in Randolph, Mass., Feb. 18, 1823. He was the son of Ephraim and Mary (Alden) Wales. He received his early education in the public school and academy of Randolph. After graduating from Middlebury College in 1844, he entered upon a medical course at McGill College, Montreal, and later at Harvard University.

After graduating from the Harvard Medical School, Dr. Wales settled in Jamaica Plain. Becoming interested in the homeopathic treatment, he went to Boston and studied and practiced with Dr. George Russell for two years, and later with Dr. Milton Fuller of Medford, Mass. He was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society and also of the Homeopathic Medical Society. Dr. Wales died at his home Feb 2, 1861, mourned by a large circle of friends.

LESLIE H. RAINE, '89.

Hamilton, N. Y., February 25, 1896.

51. Alfred Jerome Long died at his late residence in Whitehall, N. Y., on August 10, 1895. No man was more completely indentified with the people of Whitehall than was Dr. Long. He had attended at the birth of nearly one-half of the entire population, had ministered to hundreds of others in sickness and had smoothed the path to death of scores of others. For many years he was the leading physician in the community and on him the people relied in the trying moments when life and death contended for the victory and when earthly things were passing away forever.

Dr. Long's entire professional life was passed in Whitehall. He settled there immediately after his graduation from the medical department of the University of New York, July, 1853. His merits and talents were recognized by his brethren in the profession. He was repeatedly elected President of the Washington County Medical Society.

Dr. Long was born in Rutland in August, 1824. He was twice married. His first wife was Susan Eleanor Coulson, whom he married in December, 1855. She was the mother of his children, of whom Mrs. Dr. Senton, Benjamin and Clymer Barr survive. Mrs. Long died in Colorado in 1880, aged 47 years. His second wife was Miss Mary Dickinson, whom he married October 1, 1885, and who survives him.

## ALUMNI NEWS.

'57. Hon. L. D. Eldredge has been confined to the house for nearly a month.

'67. Hon. David N. Burke of Middlebury was appointed sometime ago to the consulate at Malaga, Spain, and is consequently in the midst of the disturbance in that country. We trust Mr. Burke upholds the dignity of the United States and will do everything possible to pre ent any such disgraceful scene as occurred at Barcelona a few days ago.

'76. W. W. Gay, who has been for several years on the staff of the New York *World*, has been transferred to the Washington office of that paper, and now reports in the House of Representatives. Mr. Gay will give the Alumni poem next commencement.

'82. Prof. S. J. Preston writes the UNDERGRADUATE as follows :

MAMARONECK, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1896.

You will find enclosed two dollars ($2), my subscription for the UNDERGRADUATE for 1895-6. The UNDERGRADUATE is always a

welcome visitor to my study. Success to the old college and the UNDERGRADUATE! I enclose a programme given at the Mamaroneck High School Feb. 7, in which members of the old Middlebury quartette sang—Rev. John Thomas, East Orange, N. J., Frank Thomas, C. B. Toleman and H. J. Kilburn. The boys sang well and were repeatedly encored.

Respectfully yours, S. J. PRESTON, '82.

'91. Born to Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Boynton of Ithaca, N. Y., a son and daughter, Feb. 14.

'93. James B. Donoway has located at Vergennes, and is studying law with State's Attorney Fish. Mr. Donoway has recently been appointed a justice of the peace.

'93. G. E. Hasseltine has recently been engaged to teach the grammar school of the graded school at Bristol.

'94. Prof. D. J. Hayes of Sherman Academy was in town Feb. 29 on a flying visit. Mr. Hayes is the assistant principal at Moriah, N. Y.

'94. A. A. Sargent, who is studying law at Ludlow, visited friends at the college March 9.

'95. R. O Wooster has acccepted a position with the Vermont Marble Co. at their branch office at St. Louis, Mo.

'95. Geo. S. Wright expects to try the examination for the civil service, soon to be held at Burlington.

## LOCALS.

Joseph Battell is to complete his business block this spring.

Mrs. McGilton of West Troy, N. Y., has been visiting at Prof. W. W. McGilton's.

Miss Ware of Shelburne Falls, Mass., sister of Miss Mabel Ware, '96, has been in town on a visit.

The Bridge Drug store has been closed up and J. E. Dionne has opened a tailoring shop in that place.

Waterman and Miss Waterman, '99, were recently visited by their father, Mr. Waterman of Brattleboro.

Bishop Hall conducted the services at the Episcopal church Sunday, the 8th. His services are enjoyed by all.

It is reported that some of our fair '99 co-eds are extremely fond of coasting with the boyce. We wonder why.

Prof. C. B. Wright was recently elected a deacon of the Congregational church to succeed Dea. L. C. Barrows, deceased.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna Slade, soprano at Center church, Hartford, Conn., to Dr. George N. Bell of that city.

The boarding hall is to be carried on by the students the coming term. The commissary and treasurer are to be appointed by the faculty.

Evangelist Underwood closed his work in town Thursday evening, the 12th. He is an entertaining speaker, and his work in town has met with success.

Misses Holden and Janes, '97, invited a few friends March 4, to meet Miss Leavens and Miss May of the University of Vermont, who were entertained at Mr. Merrill's during the Y. W. C. A. convention.

The bills for the annual Junior exhibition are out for March 24. The whole Junior class will assist in entertaining the audience, and the literary programme is to be followed by the regular Junior dance.

The college authorities have just had a small pamphlet of the college published, giving necessary information as to the courses offered, the expenses, scholarships, etc. It is illustrated by views of the college buildings.

Prof. Boyce examined eleven candidates for teachers' certificates at Middlebury March 6 and 7. Prof. Boyce was appointed county examiner of teachers some little time ago to succeed B. W. Smith, Town Line, resigned.

Five down-town places were raided a few days ago by officers having a search warrant for liquors. More or less was seized at all the places, and samples of the so-called "three per cent." were sent to the chemical laboratories of the college for analysis.

The owners of the electric light plant located at Middlebury have been wrangling with the village trustees for several weeks regarding the amount to be paid for lighting the streets. The trustees think the village pays too much, the owners think they can do it for no less. We have had no street lights all this while, but as the trustees have ordered one hundred kerosene lamps we shall soon be illuminated again. Meanwhile the college boys are thinking seriously of organizing a lantern club, that they may safely patrol the streets with "Clay Dick" and not lose their way or get run in by the said worthy.

While Professors Bryant and McGilton, and Piper '97, were handling some sulphur dioxoide under pressure, the enclosing tube broke and some of the pieces of glass flew and lodged in the face of Prof. McGilton, causing deep wounds. Prof. Bryant received in-

juries about his eyes which would have been serious if it had not been for his glasses. The glass was not all removed from one of the wounds of Prof. McGil ton and its presence caused blood poison, which was followed by a nervous collapse. After the particles of glass were removed his condition did not seem to im prove and Dr. Grinnell of Burlington was summoned. At the present writing he is improving, but will not be able to resume work this term.

The concert which was given by the Glee club and the Ladies' club n the town hall Friday evening, Feb. 14, was a veritable success. The concert was considered to be one of the finest ever given by the college. The receipts amounted to $100. Parties were present from Burlington, Brattleboro and Rutland. Aft r the concert the Glee club were entertained at Battell Hall and the Ladies' club at the home of Miss Higley, '98.

The Junior and Senior electives and Sophomores were given a reception by Prof and Mrs. Henckels at their home on Saturday evening, Feb. 12. The even ing was pleasantly spent in conversation and games, enlivened by songs and recitations. Prof. Henckels favored the company with a beautiful German song, which was greatly enjoyed. They feel that they owe to him and Mrs. Henckels the recollection of a most delightful evening.

A recent article in the *Tuftonion* will be of interest to Vermonters, and especially those of Addison county. It is a sketch of the life and home of Rowland E. Robinson of Ferrisburgh, Vermont's blind author. Mr. Robinson has for years been gathering material of historical value, and is a well known author. For some time he corresponded for various papers, and within the last few years has published several books. Two of these are "Uncle I isha's Shop" and "Danvis Folks," both of which delineate Vermont and New England characters.

The colleges and schools of Vermont were repre sented at the Y. W. C. A. convention as follows: Uni versity of Vermont—Annie B. Leavens, Annie L. Sherburne, Florence J. May, Helen G. Hendee, Adella I. Lee, Marion B. Rustedt, Mattie E. Spafford, Helen F. Slsde, Arline E. Ladd, Fannie Eastman; Troy Conference Academy—Minnie Denning; Montpelier Seminary—Harriet I. Downer, Cora I. Parkhurst; Johnson Normal—Carrie E. Clarke; Saxton's River Academy—Louise Converse, Miss Goodwin, Ella Sterns, Annie Russell. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. W. W. Eaton, Middlebury; Vice-Presi dent, Annie B. Leavens, U. V. M.; Secretary, Miss Sutton, Middlebury College.

Whitney, '99, has been ill a few days this month.

Skeeles, '98, entertained his brother George over Sunday, March 1.

Davis, '96. had a severe attack of the grippe the last week in February.

Skeeles, '98, entertained his sister, who resides at Proctor, Saturday, Feb. 8.

Prof. Sanford attended the funeral of a relative in New York, Sund y, Feb. 16.

G. C. Merriam of the King Richardson Publishing Co. was at the college Feb. 21.

Mrs. Prof. Wright and daughter returned from her home in Akron, O., last month.

Edgerton, '96, who is now attending Lehigh University, visited friends in college last month.

Roscoe, '96, intends to spend the coming vacation in Springfield, Mass., at the home of his sister.

Samuel W. Botsford and Lester Benton of Vermont Academy visited friends in college March 4 and 5.

Bristol, '98, and Stone, '99, are keeping a horse and cutter in town for their use during the fine sleighing.

Lamson, '96, will stop preaching at Panton after this month. He will continue, however, at Addison.

Goodman, '96, is to spend a portion of the spring vacation with Lamson, '96, at his home in Brattleboro.

Owing to the illness of her mother, Miss Nichols, '99, spent a few days recently at her home in Randolph.

The Chi Psi fraternity were received by the fraternity of Alpha Chi at their rooms Saturday evening, Feb. 8.

Three couples drove to Vergennes Thursday evening, Feb. 27, and took supper at the home of Bristol, '98.

Miss Anderson, '99, and Miss Scoles, '99, spent Sunday, Feb. 23, at the home of the latter in North Clarendon.

William Barnard and Miss Alice Baldwin of Granville, N. Y., were the guests of Blossom, '96, and sister a few days last month.

The Athletic association are to give a drama entitled "Charlie's Aunt." Parts have already been assigned and work will begin at once.

Miss Sadie Goodman of Albany Normal College visited her brother, Goodman, '96, over Sunday, Feb. 2. She was entertained by the Delta Upsilon fraternity and lady friends at their rooms Tuesday evening, the 4th.

## THE FRESHMAN BANQUET.

The class of '99 held its first banquet at Brandon Tuesday evening, Feb. 11.

Though rumors had been abroad for several weeks and the Sophomores had been on the alert for any suspicious signs in the atmosphere, the auspices seemed to be peculiarly favorable on that particular night, and before their absence was discovered at college the Freshmen were safely on their way to Beldens, where they took the "raw hide" for Brandon The young ladies were accompanied by Mrs. R. D. Ross, who took the place of Mrs. Corbin as chaperon on account of the sickness of the latter. As the train passed through Middlebury car windows were opened and the class yell was given for the benefit of a band of crestfallen Sophomores who had gathered on the platform. Here, too, the class welcomed to their ranks one who had remained behind, running the risk of being "swiped," rather than take the long walk to Beldens.

The banquet itself was an enjoyable affair. The young ladies took full advantage of leap-year privileges, escorting the gentlemen to the table. After the dinner, which was well served, the following programme was carried out with Mr. Corbin as toastmaster:

| | |
|---|---|
| Class History, | Miss Southwick. |
| The Faculty, | Miss Waterman. |
| College Frats, | Mr. Hurlburt. |
| Class Oration, | Mr. Waterman. |
| Our Colors, | Miss Campbell. |
| The Sophomores, | Mr. Munroe. |
| Class Poem, | Miss Anderson. |
| Our Young Ladies, | Mr. Whitney. |
| Our Young Gentlemen, | Miss Sturges. |
| Impressions of '99, | Mrs. Ross. |
| Class Prophecy, | Mr. Boyce. |
| Class Song, | The Class. |

In the absence of Mr. Hurlburt and Mr. Waterman, the toast on College Frats was responded to by Mr. Bingham, and a letter was read from Mr Waterman showing that he was with us in spirit though unable to be in body. The class then adjourned to the parlor for the remainder of the programme, which consisted of music by the Male quartette, a solo by Mr. Howard, and a song, written for the occasion, by the Ladies' quartette. The time passed pleasantly, and it was with a hearty good-will that they finally bade their worthy host good night and gave a hearty cheer for Hotel Brandon.

Arriving in Middlebury once more, as they were walking up the street towards college, it was the "Royal Man" who chanced to observe something under the door of one of the stores. This proved to be the *Freshman Bugle*, which had been circulated by the Sophomores throughout the length and breadth of Middlebury. Here was an opportunity not to be lost of adding to the triumph of '99, and a band of volunteers set out upon the conquest; and before the grey of dawn appeared on the eastern horizon the thresholds and storm houses of Middlebury had yielded up their treasures, and the note of the *Bugle* echoed no longer through the slumbering town. Laden with the spoils of the town they next invaded the old college chapel on the hill, and with feelings of horror and disgust, mingled with vows of veng ance, beheld the ruthless desecration of the time-honored Greek and German blackboards, and, worst of all, the sacred desk in the chapel. After doing all in their power to undo the mischief, with added trophies gathered from under the cushions, they retreated by the way whence they had come, and retired to their rooms to peruse the columns of the *Bugle*. They found it to be a bright (?), breezy little sheet, sparkling with *Sophomore wit* (?) and filled with the latest (?) items of interest concerning the class. The poetic effusions regarding the relative merit of the two classes were especially entertaining, but when one comes right down to the plain facts of the case, it must be admitted that '99 has so far come out a long way ahead of '98, and it is her intention to keep ahead.

W., '99.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

We consider ourselves fortunate in having had with us for a few days Mr. S. M. Sayford, the evangelist, who works exclusively among colleges and schools. He arrived here Monday, Feb. 17, and stayed with us till Friday. Meetings were held every evening, and during the day Mr. Sayford met the men for private talks. From his coming we have received new zeal, increased love and a deeper spirituality. Mr. Sayford has a way of approaching college men so as to meet with hearty response. Short as was his stay, we feel that we have been blessed by it, and we pray for his success in other colleges.

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A system of circular letters has been started in Ver-

mont and New Hampshire between the college and school Y. M. C. A's. Reports are sent every two weeks by each association to the secretary, giving the news of their meetings, classes and various forms of work. This is a good plan and it will bring the associations closer together in their work.

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The Y. M. C. A. elected the following officers Tuesday evening, March 17: President, Brown, '97; Vice President, Dunton, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Whitney, '99; Recording Secretary, Richmond, '98.

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Committees have been appointed by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. to fit out their rooms more pleasantly. Curtains, pictures and rugs are to be purchased by the associations. The college is going to reseat the rooms and have already a new organ on trial, which, if it proves satisfactory, will be purchased.

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### THE ATHLETE'S GRACE.

1.

The handsome athlete
Desired that his feet
  Should accomplish most wonderful things;
And he thought that—perchance—
If he but learned to dance,
  He might raise some Mercury's wings.

2.

But he trod on their toes
'Till the rest of the beax
  Spoke wicked, sulph*urious* commands.
He skipped and he hopped
And the orchestra stopped
  While the master was wringing his hands.

3.

Then he started again,
And the matter was plain
  That the company all must give place,
For he'd score one or more
In his glide o'er the floor,
  The same as if sliding a base.

4.

When the lesson was done
He made a home run,
  And every one saw at a glance
That he'd struck out six men,
Of errors made ten!
  He could play ball, but never could dance.

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## EXCHANGES.

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The Greek play and German entertainment which are soon to be given at City Hall by students in these branches will be something entirely new in this State, nothing of the kind ever having been given by a Maine college. Great credit is due to Professors Stetson and Marquardt for the work they have done to make these entirely successful. The practice in the languages which the students get rehearsing for these plays is of great value. It is hoped that every member of the college will attend, and so help to make the financial part as successful as the literary part is sure to be.—[*Colby Echo.*

The Harvard faculty have followed President Eliot's recommendations and by a small majority have voted to reduce the number of courses required for a degree from eighteen to fifteen, and any one creditably passing up twelve of the fifteen will receive his degree. This practically means the obliteration of class lines and a three years' course.—[*Weslyan Argus.*

The foot ball captains for '96 are: Harvard, Wrightington; Yale, Murphy; Princeton, Cochran: Michigan, Senter; Chicago, Ewing; Cornell, Beacham; Wisconsin, Richards; Minnesota, Harrison; Brown, Colby; Amherst, Taylor; Western Reserve University, Gaylord; Williams, Ryan.—[*Ex.*

The series of debates which terminated in the contest with Boston University on Wednesday has had the effect, at least, of directing the attention of the college to the subject of debate. Some benefit has come to the forty or more men who participated in the preliminary trials, yet the chief advantage must come from a new and lasting interest in this old and valuable, but much neglected exercise. It was not to be expected that the attempt to revive interest in public debate by crowding ten preliminary trials into less than one-half that number of weeks, with the Christmas vacation intervening, would prove entirely satisfactory. The attendance throughout was small, and upper classmen, as a rule, held aloof from the contests, partly through lack of time and partly through lack of faith in the wisdom of so hasty an experiment. Credit is due to the Citizenship Club for its efforts in managing these debates under such unfavorable conditions, but if the movement is to live, an organization is necessary whose special object shall be to arouse and maintain a lively interest in debate on the part of the whole college. Will it consist of a league of the fraternities for joint debates, or the establishment of new societies, or will the faculty come to the rescue with a proposal for introducing debates into all four years of the course?—*Wesleyan Argus.*

### QUERY.

Did you ever notice this:
When a fellow steals a kiss
From a righteous little maiden calm and meek,
How her scriptural training shows
In not turning up her nose,
But simply turning round the other cheek?

—*Cornell Widow.*

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### "THE WIND."

The wind is a bachelor,
Merry and free,
He roves at his pleasure
O'er land and o'er sea;
He ruffles the lake,
And he kisses each flower,
And he sleeps when he lists
In a jas'mine bower.

He gives to the cheek
Of each maiden its bloom (?)
He tastes her warm kisses,
Enjoys her perfume;
But truant like, often
The sweets that he sips
Are lavished the next moment
On lovelier lips.—*Ex.*

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### THE POSTSCRIPT.

He asked fair Maud to marry;
By letter she replied,
He read it—she refused him;
He shot himself and died.

He might have been alive now,
And she his happy bride,
If he had read the postscript
Upon the other side.—*Ex.*

---

She has a stutter quite unique,
Her face mere speech defies,
She, quite impartial, rolls her R's,
And, then, she rolls her I's.

When on the billowy deep we sail
She talks with rolling C's,
And when at five o'clock we sit
She straightway rolls her T's.

But what care I for trivial faults;
Regrets, love can appease,
She's given me her promise, and
She has her roll of V's.—*Ex.*

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I see her turn the corner,
I hear her mannish tread,
I feel an awful presence
That fills my soul with dread.
Great Scott! She's drawing nearer:
I'll vanish while I can,
If she's the coming woman,
Then I'm the going man.—*Ex.*


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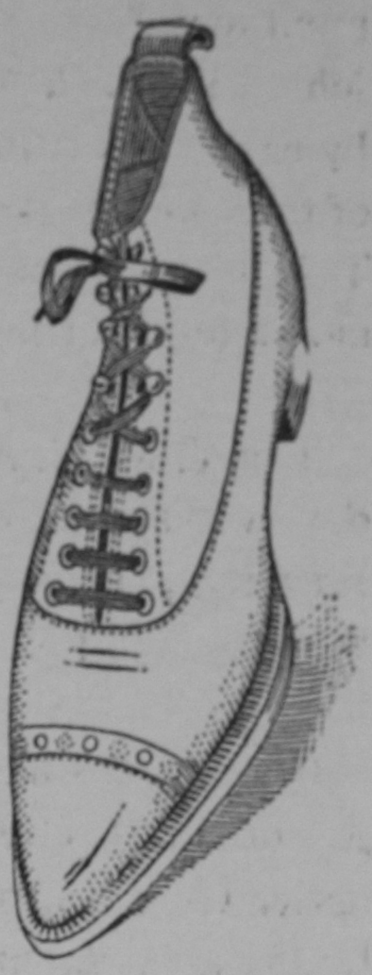

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